CHARACTERS OF VERTUE and VICE.

Describ'd in the Persons of

The Wise-Man,	*The Hypocrite,*
The Valiant Man,	*The Superstitious,*
The truly Noble,	*The Profane,*
The Patient Man,	*The Busy-Body,*
The true Friend,	*The Envious.*

Attempted in Verse

FROM A

TREATISE

OF THE

Reverend *JOSEPH HALL*, Late Lord Bishop of *Exeter.*

By *N. TATE.*

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PREFACE.

THE *Repreſenting of* Vertue *and* Vice *in their reſpective* Beauties *and* Deformities, *is the genuine Task of* Poetry: *the true and proper Themes of* Panegyrick *and* Satyr. *The giving Precepts of* Morality *was* originally *the Employment of the* Muſes, *and eſtabliſh'd their firſt Reputation. Few Poets have excell'd who merited not the Character aſcrib'd by* Horace *to* Homer:

Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

It was for uſeful Preſcriptions of Politie and Private Life, that Orpheus *and* Amphion *were celebrated, and the Faculty it ſelf reputed Sacred:*

Sic Honor & Nomen divinis Vatibus atq;
Carminibus venit.

169668

PREFACE.

If the Virgil's *and* Horace's *of our Age could have been prevail'd with to have Adorn'd the following Subjects, it had ſav'd my imperfect Performance. But I could not refuſe the Temptation, when it was propos'd to me to proceed upon the Hints and Groundwork of a Treatiſe Written by the Ingenious and Learned* Dr Hall, *Biſhop of* Exeter; *by which means my Reader would be ſecure of good Senſe in the Verſion. If I have added no Grains, I hope that, at leaſt, I have loſt nothing of the Oar in Melting it down.*

The Character of ſome Vices will naturally run into Humour, requiring Inſtances and Expreſſions that are Familiar, and Sermoni propiora. *In a word, I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my Imperfections in this Eſſay, but Comfort my ſelf with the Hopes that abler Performers may be incited, in* meer Compaſſion, *to Reſcue ſuch worthy Subjects from ſo ill Hands.*

THE

THE MAN of WISDOM.

THE Man that's Wiſe to Know All Things aſpires,
But Firſt the Knowledge of Himſelf deſires:
How far the Compaſs of his Strength can go;
But his own Weakneſs ſtuddies moſt to know.
He Reaſons more by Practice than by Rule;
His Logick's learnt in Obſervation's School.
Taught by Experience truly to reflect,
Can Firſt Himſelf and then his Friends direct.
He ne'er ſuſpends but in a doubtful Caſe;
Ne'er doubts where Reſolution ſhould take place.
Of ev'ry needful Thing juſt Care do's take,
But moſt concern'd for his immortal ſtake.
Without that ſcope counts fruitleſs each endeavour,
Nor would be Happy Once, if not for ever.

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UMI

Himſelf beſt Knowing beſt Himſelf can Truſt,
Others ſo far as He has prov'd them Juſt.
The World may Him deceive but ne'er Abuſe,
Who Truſts no more than He can bear to loſe.
While cloſe Retirement is to Him a Skreen,
Himſelf looks through and ſees the World, Unſeen:
Yet ſhews, when forc'd the Day-light to abide,
Prudence, not Affectation, made him hide.
Does never, Cauſeleſs, from his purpoſe Range,
When Reaſon calls, He never fears to Change.
While th' ableſt Maſter He's allow'd to be,
No Scholar more diſpos'd to learn than He.
From ev'ry Thing Inſtruction He can draw,
And from Him each Inſtruction is a Law.
To Ages paſt his nimble Thoughts can Climb,
In Things to come prevent the ſpeed of Time.
Unborn Events by paſt Events foreſtall,
And in Conjecture be Prophetical.
His Paſſions He ne'er ſuffers to Rebel,
Or haſtens their firſt Mutiny to Quell.
By Honour's Light in all his Projects ſails,
And Boards a ſecond when a former fails.

Makes

Makes Diſappointment but improve his skill,
And fetches Strength from what ſucceeded ill.
Some Wrongs He ſees not but with ſilent Art,
Diſſembles Wounds too pow'rful Foes impart.
Loves to owe leſs in good turns than He may,
For Bad wou'd be in Debt and never pay.
Cenſures, Unjuſt or Juſt, alike to Him;
Thoſe He Deſerves not, Theſe he can Contemn.
Slights Scandal, lays no violent Hands on Blame,
Gives Slander ſcope till it expire with Shame.
His Joy no Fears, his Hope knows no Deſpairs,
Safe in the Circle of his own Affairs.
From others ſtrife he timely do's Retire,
Nor thruſts his Hand into a needleſs Fire.
He beſt the Purchaſe of his Wit can tell,
And how to Value, Keep and Uſe it well.
Himſelf his own beſt Lawyer, and his skill,
His readieſt and moſt faithful Oracle.
Conſulted, He's in no Man's Buſineſs Blind,
But in his Own of more than Eagle-kind.

THE VALIANT MAN.

BOld without Raſhneſs, without Fury, Warm:
He long Conſults, but do's with ſpeed perform.
He ſeeks not Dangers: when on Him they preſs,
He bears 'em down with Courage and Succeſs.
Arm'd Death Enthron'd on Slaughter He can ſpy,
March on, and with a ſcornful ſmile paſs by.
Forecaſts the worſt Events, and in his Thought,
Before one ſtroke Exchang'd, the Battle's fought.
If unexpected Ills his Heart ſurprize,
One Minute to diſperſe 'em will ſuffice:
With inſtant Sally he prevents the Blow,
And turns Amazement back upon the Foe.
Ne'er ſeen to fly, but from ſome foul Offence,
And fears no Strength below Omnipotence.
Peace he wou'd chuſe, and when the Sword he draws,
He looks not on his Hand but on his Cauſe.

Nor

Nor weighs what Succors wait to take his Part,
How ſtrong his Arm, but Innocent his Heart.
O'erpower'd may fall, with numbers Vanquiſht be,
And leave the Foe to Bluſh at Victory.
Call'd out by Honour to ſome bold Attacque,
His Hearts Blood may be ſeen, but ne'er his Back.
On baſe Conditions he diſdains to Live,
And what he asks, would to the Vanquiſh'd give.
Ne'er known the Blood of Innocents to ſhed,
On Carcaſes, or ſuppliant Foes to tread;
He'll rather ſtifle Wrongs he might Reſent,
Than take Revenge upon the Impotent.
Nor can determine which he'd rather be,
Of Cowardice impeach'd, or Cruelty.
His ſparing Words no room for Boaſt affords,
His readieſt Language is, his Hand and Sword.
By Action heard, whoſe never-ceaſing Force,
Keeps every Talker furniſh'd with Diſcourſe.
Not idlely Prodigal of Life or Blood,
But ſparing neither for his Countrey's good.

While Fate does noble Means of Life ſupply,
He Lives; but thoſe refus'd, can bravely Dye.
His Pow'r (to which his Reaſon ſtill gives Laws,)
It's Right Confeſt, the Exerciſe withdraws.
Thinks he does then the greateſt Triumph gain,
When He can Hurt, yet from Revenge abſtain.
Without Servility He can Obey,
And in Command no Tyranny Diſplay.
He Courts not Fortune's Smiles, nor fears her Hate,
Nor can ſhe change his Mind with his Eſtate.
That his high Spirit ſtill o'erlooks Miſchance,
Springs not from Senſeleſneſs nor Ignorance;
But th' utmoſt Pow'r of Fate computing firſt,
He knows her ſtrength, and bids her do her worſt.
In Purpoſe Cool, in Reſolution Fir'd,
In Enterprizes, Daring and Untir'd;
Glorious, though not ſucceſsful in Deſign,
And when o'ercome, His Heart does laſt Reſign.

THE

THE
TRULY NOBLE.

ADvantages of Anceſtry and Birth,
He counts but Fortune's Gift, and borrow'd Worth:
What he atchieves he only calls Renown,
And Honour purchas'd by Himſelf, his Own.
If ſhort his Glory's Eſtimate be found
Of what his noble Anceſtors had Crown'd,
The bright Inheritance but proves his Shame;
Not Rais'd, but Burthen'd by Deſcended Fame.
No Greatneſs makes him Scorn or Pride expreſs,
Still Higher rais'd he ſtill wou'd ſeem the leſs.
Life from his Soul as ſoon divorc'd may be,
As from his Manners Native Courteſy:
Which for no ſervile or ambitious end
Of popular Applauſe he does extend,
But from the genuine Sweetneſs of his Frame,
And noble Juſtice to Himſelf and Fame.

His

His Hand is open, yet his Glory ſtill
Is govern'd by his Fortune not his Will.
And wiſely bounteous can diſtinguiſh right,
Betwixt a Friend and fawning Paraſite.
Moſt Men their Favours ſell, exchange, or lend,
He only does his Kindneſſes expend.
He wou'd no Licence from his Greatneſs gain,
And without Goodneſs counts his Titles vain.
From Pow'r no Priv'lege claims to be Unjuſt,
Nor makes Prerogative a Bawd to Luſt;
Conſcience and Honour both his Actions bind,
By Eminence to ſtricter Laws confin'd.
Each Vertue has it's Ornament and Uſe
In his juſt Notion, and no Vice Excuſe.
He no Man Guilty makes to make him Great,
And ev'n his Creatures with Reſpect can treat.
Oblige, yet not on Liberty intrude,
Or turn Dependance into Servitude.
He ſeeks no forg'd Pretence, without Reward
An old and worn-out Servant to Diſcard:

Their

Their Duty, Faith, and Diligence to bind
The Sweetneſs of his Service makes 'em find.
For Him, no Vaſſals can their Toil repent,
Their Induſtry's not Loſt, but only Lent.
The Difference 'twixt his Wealth and Honour, is,
That, in Receiving ſtands, in Giving, This.
He'll be oblig'd to Few; but does not care
How large the Number that his Favours ſhare.
Asks who wants moſt, not who can beſt Repay;
And ne'er Repines at Favours caſt away.
Can Conſtancy in all Eſtates expreſs,
Himſelf a-like to Peace and War addreſs.
Then, moſt his Countreys Servant he is found,
When ſhe to his Command has ſet no bound.
More pleas'd true Worſhip to his God to give,
Than civil Honours from Mankind receive.
For Fame, relies not on the World's Applauſe,
But what from Heav'n it's Approbation draws.
Of true Nobility conceives this Senſe,
The Blood its Body only to diſpenſe;
The Soul derives from Vertue's Eminence.

Deſcended Honours He reputes to ceaſe,
Unleſs his nobler Deeds the Tale encreaſe,
That Glory does admit no Careleſs Heir,
And not t' improve the Stock is to Impair.

THE
PATIENT MAN.

THE Patient Man has ſo much ſtrength attain'd,
And o'er Himſelf ſo large a Conqueſt gain'd,
That ſafe from Foreign Wrongs he does remain;
They came too late to Conquer him again.
Boldly to Suffer, is his Valour's Teſt,
He's moſt Victorious when He's moſt oppreſt.
While under Mountain-Loads himſelf he rears,
Of more than humane Courage he appears,
And is, if rightly we his Sufferings ſcan,
'Bove Nature rais'd while He ſeems leſs than Man.
His Love and Charity are ever bent
To conſtrue all things with a fair Intent.

To

To ſmall and doubtful Injuries He's blind,
Groſs Wrongs he'll think not done, or not deſign'd;
Not meant, or not to Him; if Both appear,
From Malice ſtill his Injuries He'll clear;
He'll ſay Miſ-information caus'd th' offence,
And when it cannot bear ſo mild a ſenſe,
Call't Raſh, and with the haſty Fault diſpenſe.
Patient he is, but yet not tame or baſe:
He wants not Courage but abounds in Grace.
To take Revenge for Harms, as Man He dares;
Reſents as Man, but as a Chriſtian ſpares.
He's God's beſt Witneſs, and before the Bar
For Truths fair ſake, undaunted can appear;
Hear unconcern'd the falſe Accuſer's Voice,
Receive, and in his Unjuſt doom Rejoice.
A Priſon is his Palace, and to Him
Pages of Honour all his Jaylors ſeem,
The Dungeon his Retiring Room he counts,
And to the Rack as to a Throne He mounts;
His Torturers worſt Cruelty diſdains,
Suffers his Own, and baffles all their Pains.

Juſt Pity the Beholders does inſpire,
Unpitying and remorſeleſs Foes, Admire.
His Hopes to no Diſcouragements can yield,
They ſtill advance, or keep at leaſt the Field.
Where once the Path of Kindneſs He has trod,
No Obſtacles can make him quit the Road.
If no Impreſſion his firſt Favours make,
He ſtill redoubles till he wins the ſtake.

Can after Shipwrack try the Sea, and beat
At the deaf door he ne'er ſaw open'd yet.
Different Events alike to Him befal,
He ſees the Hand of Providence in All.
When that Protects, he pays his grateful Vows,
And when it ſtrikes, to juſt Correction Bows.
Can Vertue from Neceſſity produce,
And with ſtrange, Art put Evil to good Uſe.
In Conqueſt does beyond the Warriour go,
The ſureſt Friend, the lateſt eaſieſt Foe:
Than others ſo much Happier does appear,
As He can more and worſe Miſ-fortunes bear.

THE

THE
TRUE FRIEND.

UNited, yet divided is his Breaſt;
Half by Himſelf, All by his Friend poſſeſt.
His Choice by Sympathy of Souls is bred,
By Worth and Vertue, not by Int'reſt led.
He pays Affection 'cauſe the Debt is juſt,
And Loves becauſe he ought, becauſe he muſt.
Contracts with Caution, and conſiders long,
But once Agreed, no Bargain is more ſtrong.
He chuſes ſo as He may ne'er complain,
Like one that never meant to chuſe again.
And e'er his Love can vary one Degree,
His Friend Quite alter'd from Himſelf muſt be:
Let juſt occaſion his ſubmiſſion move,
A Servant to his Equal He can prove.
To ſerve Him condeſcends with greater joy,
Than his Inferiour's Service to employ.

Advanc'd

Advanc'd to Pow'r his Friendſhip ſtill is found
In it's old Garb, familiar, plain, and ſound.
For his Friend's ſake with Honours he complies,
Yields to be Great to help his Friend to Riſe.
His Friend expir'd, His Self's but half alive;
His Friendſhip only do's his Friend ſurvive.
Death to his Love no Diſſolution brings,
It but divides the Stream to ſundry Springs.
For now the tender Orphans, left too young
To know their Father's Worth, to Him belong;
Adopted His, the Burden of his Cares,
His Heart's near Kin, and his Affections Heirs.
He's ſo much ſtricter, and more nicely juſt,
For having loſt the Witneſs of his Truſt.
Where Honeſty or Nature can comply,
He grants a frank and full Community.
To Friendſhip's Entrance leaves an open Field
Without Reſerves, but what were Sin to yield.
No longer can enjoy that thing whoſe uſe
He thinks would more to his Friend's Good conduce.

His Charity does ſtill a Cloak provide
Of Secrecy, his Friend's Defects to hide.
Much by Concealment from the Publick View,
By cloſe Reproof more proves his Friendſhip true.
And when the watchful Kindneſs of his Friend
Finds juſt occaſion him to reprehend,
He thanks his frank Chaſtiſer on that ſcore,
More loves him as he makes him ſmart the more.
To Him as to the Cloſet of his Cares,
With Doubts, Complaints, his wellcome Friend repairs;
Unburdens there the ſecrets of his Mind,
Leaves all lock'd up, and as he leaves may find.
Let grief at once his Friend and him ſurround,
His ſenſe ſtill quickeſt for his Friend is found;
Bleeds in his own, but ſmarts in his Friend's Wound.
No Hour's unſeaſonable, no Pains diſpleaſe,
No Coſt can grievous ſeem to give him Eaſe.
No Envious Lookers on can baulk his Zeal,
But what He does He rather wou'd conceal,
Beſt pleas'd when a good Office he can ſteal.

Favours

Favours Receiv'd, in Memory's Book he ſets,
What He beſtow's as zealouſly forgets.
He 's Sorrow's Comfort, Difficulty's Guide,
The Joy of Life, Earth's Treaſure, and its Pride;
An Angel Cloath'd in Fleſh, and near to God Ally'd.

The End of the Characters on Vertue.

THE

THE HYPOCRITE.

THE Hypocrite to ſadneſs can convert
His looks, while Mirth is Rev'lling in his Heart,
Then Jugler-like with Pleaſure does retreat,
To think how ſmoothly he has paſs'd the Cheat.
How with falſe ſtamps of Vertue on his Face,
The Miſcreant paſſes for a Babe of Grace.
With early Patience waits at the Church Door,
And e'er half enter'd he ſalutes the Floor,
But ſtill obſerving with a tranſvers'd Eye,
What Paſſenger does his Devotion ſpy.
If Cognizance to take He none perceives,
Ftets inward, and at his loſt labour grieves.
Looks round with Admiration on the Crowd;
Of frozen Charity complains aloud.

Takes care to have his Pew plac'd beſt in ſight,
In haſt plucks forth his Tables as to write
Some Sermon-Note, mean while does only ſcrawl,
Forgotten Errands there, or nought at all:
Then with a Noiſe whisks his Boſs'd Bible o'er,
Where He for ſome Quotation ſeems to pore;
And glancing from one Chapter to a next,
Folds down the Leaf as He had found the Text.
Enquires the Preacher's Name, ſtays laſt i' th' Church,
To con him Thanks, and waits him to the Porch.
When of his Youth he ſpeaks, his Tears flow faſt;
Not for his Youth's Sins, but becauſe 'tis Paſt.
His leſſer Vices frankly are confeſt,
All but the reigning *Belial* of his Breaſt.
Gives publick Alms, and thoſe but when he muſt,
Nor without Witneſs God Himſelf will truſt.
With Uſuries, Superfluity he gilds
Extortion, and an Hoſpital he builds.
And thinks th' Injuſtice largely is repaid,
To keep ten Beggars for ten thouſand made.

From

From Fleſh on *Friday* with a greater Dread
He does Abſtain than from his Neighbour's Bed.
To ſwear by God's Name rather will allow,
Than at the Name of Jeſus not to Bow.
To Him when Fuſtian Poet reads his ſtuff,
He begs a Copy, cryes 'tis Cenſure-Proof.
Finds nothing that's amiſs while th' Authour ſtays,
And nothing, when the Fop's withdrawn, to Praiſe.
By his Step-Mothers Sick-Bed he can Weep,
Wiſh her ſound Reſt, that is, Eternal Sleep.
I' th' Street he greets his Friend with chearful Eyes,
And hugging Cloſe, when will you come? He cries.
But Curſes Him in 's Heart if he complies.
Small Fare affords, yet ev'n that ſmall does grutch,
Cloſe-frowning on his Wife, that 'tis ſo much.
For what He ſeems and ſays, He well might paſs,
Himſelf's the very worſt Thing that He has.
His Neighbours Nuiſſance, and the Strangers Saint;
Or in a Word, his Character to Paint,
Angel Abroad, at Home a Spirit evil,
And when an Angel worſe than when a Devil.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

WHat Monſter, Superſtition, is like Thee,
Thou Godleſs Zeal, devout Impiety.
The Superſtitious Wight is Folly's Heir,
Fond in obſervance, ſervile in his Fear.
He worſhips God but as He liſts; in what
Is not Requir'd, He'll ſupererogate.
Give more, give All, except what God demands,
And makes more Duties than the Ten Commands.
Till Croſs'd and ſprinkl'd dares not ſtir abroad,
Comes back if but a Hare run thwart his Road.
If he but trips at Door, or on his Way.
But recollects it was no lucky Day
Of ſetting out, (though All's Eſtate depend)
Turns back in ſight of his long Journey's End.

If

If Salt fall tow'rds Him he looks pale and red,
Stares as the Houſe were tumbling on his Head.
Nor can recover Breath till that miſ-hap
Be purg'd by ſhedding Wine into his Lap.
If he but ſneeze, his Eyes around he ſends,
Thinks them who don't Uncover, not his Friends.
To judge the Weather walks betimes abroad,
And Hearks if Even the Crow cry, or Odd.
If but a Raven Croak in Dead of Night,
He makes his Will as he had heard a ſpright.
Or if a Dream ſhall in his Brains Ferment,
A Garden, or departed Friend preſent;
His Senſes are into Confuſion hurl'd,
Beſpeaks his Coffin, and takes leave o' th' World.
On ſuch Days only He'll ſet out by Water,
Nor for the World without his *Erra Pater*.
St. *Paul*'s Day for his Oracle does take,
And *Swythin*'s is his ſureſt Almanack.
No Sin afflicts him on his Dying Bed,
But having once of Fleſh on *Friday* fed.

He

He thinks the Reſt can no Repentance need,
And no Repentance can for That ſucceed.
His Dreams, for ſure Predictions muſt avail,
And if th' Event his Expoſition fail;
His Wits are then on new ſolutions bent,
And He Expounds according to th' Event.
Old Wives and Stars are all his Councellors,
For Recipe's 'gainſt Sickneſs, Charms he wears;
For Tooth-Ach Paracelſian Characters.
Impoſſibilities the credulous Elf
Calls Miracles, and ſtreins to cheat Himſelf.
Let him but hear that in a diſtant ſoil,
Some ſacred Block does ſpeak, move, weep, or ſmile;
He Bare-foot hies his Off'ring there to pay,
And if a Danger miſs him in the way;
If he but ſcape the muting of a Crow,
The Timber-Saint a Miracle did ſhow.
Some Roads He Baulks, for Goblins there he feigns,
Each Lanthorn's Will o' th' Wiſp, and ev'ry Noiſe of Chains.

His

His Cuſtom (for what Cauſe he ne'er cou'd know)
Is, with ſome little Compaſs ſtill to go;
Here to paſs Nimbly, There to make a ſtand,
And ever leave the Croſs on his Right Hand.
His Method has no Reaſon; yet no Force
Threats nor Entreaties make him change his Courſe.
If he have thum'd his Beads, and pray'd his Tale,
He's ſafe enough; it matters not for Zeal.
And laſtly, with Reſpect to Heav'n, might He
The Carver of his Own Obedience be,
God never cou'd a better Servant have,
But, as He is, has no perverſer Slave.

THE PROFANE.

IN mad extreams the ſuperſtitious own
Too many Gods, but the Profane has none:
Unleſs himſelf his Deity he make,
And for his fanci'd Heaven, the World does take.

He

He breaths and moves, but to Religion Dead,
All ſenſe of Fear, of Love, or Care is fled.
His Heart without Impreſſion does remain,
Tir'd Conſcience there repeats her ſtrokes in Vain.
Cuſtom of Sin this Senſeleſsneſs has wrought,
Inur'd, and to the Anvils Hardneſs brought.
Long rooted Vice admits of no Redreſs,
He pleads Preſcription now for Wickedneſs.
(By ſlow aſcents theſe impious Heights we gain,
Are ſinful Born, but make our ſelves Profane:)
Through Careleſsneſs his Vicious Courſe begins,
He Sins at laſt, and knows not that he Sins.
Reaſon too late her Counſel wou'd afford;
She's now his Slave, and Appetite his Lord.
Senſe is his only Creed; if ſo it chance,
That Piety his Int'reſt may advance;
A Cloak of Sanctity he can provide,
And what he Counterfeits at once deride.
Does Sacrifice to's Nets: when Projects hit,
He either thanks his Fortune, or his Wit;

But

But Providence muſt nought have there to do,
He'll rather make falſe Gods than own the True.
When ought miſcarries, deſtinies to blame,
On Heav'ns Unkindneſs He does then exclaim.
Reviles the Pow'r, to whoſe Indulgent ſway
He wou'd not be beholden if he may.
Oft-times his Conſcience fain with Him wou'd ſpeak,
He ſets the Day, but does th' Appointment break.
And when aloud ſhe does for Audience cry,
He drowns the Noiſe with Rev'ling Company.
God's Name does never but in Oaths expreſs,
And never thinks of him but in Diſtreſs:
And then his Thoughts in dark Confuſion ſink,
Cauſe He but then begins of him to Think.
His Maker He'll accuſe himſelf to free,
And charges all his Guilt on God's Decree.
Ingratefully thinks his Condition hard,
To be from Pleaſures poyſon'd Sweets debarr'd.
Does Goodneſs, Minſtrel-like, for ſport bring forth,
And ſacred Things are ſtill his choiceſt Mirth.

To Mimickry turns Grace, and Vertue's Rules,
And beſt diverted with Religion's Fools.
A Slander for each Vertue can invent,
And in falſe Colours ev'ry Vice preſent.
He boaſts of his young Sins, and paſt offence,
With cold Remembrance feeds his Impotence.
Enormous Crimes the Libertine has wrought,
Ambitious, yet more wicked to be Thought.
A Lewder than Himſelf can grieve to ſee,
And in Damnation grudge Precedency.
Hell does in Him leſs fear than Death create,
As being ſure of This, and doubting That.
To th' Church as to a Theater reſort,
For Cuſtom, Company, for Sleep, or Sport.
Self-Love is All He ever Underſtood,
Nor that enough to ſeek his own true Good.
He breaks through Gratitude and Friendſhip's Ties,
Nor cares on whom he treads, ſo he may Riſe.
His Life does one licentious Practice ſeem,
And ev'ry Vice its Centre has in Him.
God's Hatred, and his Curſe; a Maſs of Evil,
In Body only diff'ring from a Devil.

THE BUSY-BODY.

HIS own Eſtate's too narrow for his Mind,
And Room in other Men's Affairs He'll find.
In Friend and Strangers Buſineſs He will move,
And ever with the ſame Pretence of Love.
No News can paſs his Door, and, good or ill,
He cannot know the Thing he does not tell.
He knows the Rates of Traffique to a Hair,
What Forces the Confederates can prepare,
How *Swedeland*, and how *Denmark* will declare.
Though Trav'ling on Affairs of Life and Death,
He'll ſtop the Poſt, and Talk him out of Breath.
And if his Humour, or his Haſt Refuſe,
Ride back with him, and piece-meal catch the News.
And if through Speed th' Intelligence does fail,
His Wit Supplies, and makes a perfect Tale.
Then Woe to the next Man that He comes near,
Blow, Rain, or Lighten, he muſt ſtay to hear;

And hear him out, while in a tedious round,
The Liſtner and Himſelf he does Confound.
Disjointedly each Sentence does expreſs,
With long Succeſſions of Parentheſes.
Retrencht, to let his ſtream of Matter run,
But Vows to fill 'em up e'er He has done.
If two together in the ſtreet He views
Diſcourſing cloſely, He concludes ſtrange News.
But if a Letter be produc'd, He's charm'd,
And of the Secret begs to be inform'd.
Deny'd, it ſerves his Turn almoſt as well,
If Him of Wonders they'll permit to tell.
Then with a Scotiſh Mine he does begin,
Of a whole Shoal of Whales come up at *Linn*.
Thank Him, a thouſand Times your Thanks repeat,
All's One, his Tongue it's Larum muſt compleat.
You'll name no Undertaking which He'll baulk,
But all Concludes, where it Commenc'd, in Talk.
He'll teach Another what Himſelf ne'er knew,
And be a Guide in Ways he ne'er paſs'd through.
Look in at's Neighbour's Window, and demand
The Reaſon why his Servants idle ſtand. Call'd

Call'd to Another's Table, 'tis his way
To ſlander ſome Third Perſon, and Convey
The Tale to him that's wrong'd, whom having ſworn
To Secrecy, with ſpeed he does return
To his firſt Hoſt, and this dark Practice ply,
Till Both are ſet on Fire they know not why.
His Ears are Quick, and no leſs quick his Eyes,
To Imperfections Theſe, and Thoſe to Lyes.
He ſtops Another's Servant, takes him in,
Treats him, and does his Maſter's Health begin;
Thence ſlily falls to ask of his Affairs,
What ſort of Company t' his Houſe repairs;
What is their uſual Fare, and what Diſcourſe
Paſſes at Meals. Thus does th' Extorter force;
But, ſoon as drein'd, the Gueſt his leave muſt take,
And Room for freſh Intelligencers make.
This Man thinks Conſtancy a dull diſgrace,
And ſtill is ſhifting of his Work and Place;
But of no Place can half ſo weary ſeem,
Or half ſo ſoon, as is the Place of Him.
In each Acquaintance he has got a Foe,
For not to hate him you muſt Him not know. He

He toils unthank'd, he talks without Belief,
Living has no Man's Love, Dead, no Man's Grief;
Unleſs by Chance the laſt Defect's ſupply'd,
And ſome may Grieve that he no ſooner Dy'd.

THE
ENVIOUS.

THE Envious feeds upon his Neighbours Ills,
And no Diſeaſe, but others Wellfare, feels.
God's Benefits perverſly does deſtroy;
With Company no Bleſſing can enjoy.
Wou'd rather have Superiours in Diſtreſs,
Than Equals in a common Happineſs.
He's an ill Prizer of his Neighbour's ſtore,
And yet, his own computing, He errs more:
On neither the juſt Value will beſtow,
For, That he rates too High, and This too Low.
He asks in what Repute his Equals Live;
About his Betters more Inquiſitive.
If juſt Report his Envious ſearch defeat,
In cloſer Terms his Queſtion He'll repeat. And

And when his ſpight can faſten on no Flaw,
His Snakes turn back his own rank Heart to gnaw.
With God he quarrels, if his Neighbour's Field
With better Tillage, fairer Grain does yield.
For one Chance-Blight he murmurs and inveys,
For Ten Succeſſive Crops no Thanks repays.
Whom openly He dares not to traduce,
With Short or Over-praiſe He will abuſe.
Allows his Rival all things but his Right,
And moſt in Commendation ſhews his Spight.
If Courteous his Competitor appear,
He's then Inveigling, Crafty, Popular.
If Bountiful, a Faction is deſign'd,
To which with Bribes he does his Clients bind.
And if in War his Rival has ſucceſs,
He's ſo much more a dang'rous Man in Peace.
By Induſtry in Wealth, or Power grown ſtrong,
He's hoarding up of means for future wrong.
Thus does the Envious Man diſtort and force
True Worth, and turn each Vertue to a Curſe.
In his Religion Policy ſtill lurks,
And by Submiſſion his Ambition works.
No Law, that had the Publick Good enclos'd,
Can paſs, becauſe by Him not firſt Propos'd.
Not his own Int'reſt for that time he weighs,
But Suffers, to defraud Another's Praiſe.
If Evil of his Rival, Fame report,
He cryes ſhe's Partial, and of Truth comes ſhort.

What Prejudice relates, as being worſt,
In his Recital He ſtill mentions firſt:
Knowing that gentler Truth too ſlowly treads,
And that the firſt ill Rumour fartheſt ſpreads.
He'll ſtab i' th' Dark, and then with pitying Voice
Bemoan the Fate that makes his Heart Rejoice.
Of his ill Deeds his Nature is the Cauſe,
The Good He Acts is only for Applauſe.
And that which cannot to his ſhare befal
To do, He ſtill takes Care no other ſhall.
Of his Beſt Skill He juſt enough will ſhow,
To let the World perceive what He does know;
His Med'cine's Sov'raign Uſe he will reveal,
The Art to make't, does ev'n in Death Conceal;
Pleas'd that he can a Prize from Mankind ſteal.
God's Bleſſings, if beſide Himſelf they fall,
His Curſes prove, and make Him burſt with Gall.
Yet after All there's none can grudge the Elf
His Diet, for the Miſcreant eats Himſelf.
To turn a Devil He waits but his Life's End,
Till then a Carcaſe quicken'd by a Fiend.

FINIS.

THE Life of *Alexander* the Great, Written in Latin by *Quintus Curtius*, Tranſlated into Engliſh by ſeveral Hands, and now Dedicated to the QUEEN. By *N. Tate.*